

Home-Dressmaking,  
By Mme. Judice.

How to Make Over Gowns.

## Pretty Blouse Waist.

Dear Mrs. Judice: I HAVE 33-4 yards of goods 20 inches wide, like inclosed sample. Kindly tell me what I can do with it. Am twenty years old, with 34 bust and rather stout. M. B.

Why don't you use your all-over white embroidery for a pretty blouse waist, fastened in the back and with elbow-sleeves? You will have ample material for this, and combined with pretty pale blue, or pink satin ribbon as neck, each and elbow sleeve bows, you will have a dainty waist for evening wear. You could wear over colored lining to match shade of the ribbons.

## To Make a Fur Boa.

Dear Mrs. Judice: COULD I buy fur by the yard to make a boa? I cannot afford to buy an expensive one. M. A. F.

A better idea than buying the band fur is to get the skins in their original shape at some reputable furrier's and buy a pattern for a stole the shape you wish at some paper pattern store and make according to directions. In cutting fur be sure and turn the hair side down, tack flat to a board, dampen the skin slightly and cut with a sharp knife. This the only way to shape fur and not cut the pelt off the edges.

## To Make Over a Dress.

Dear Mrs. Judice: HOW can I make over a dress like inclosed sample? The skirt is an old-style circular one, quite wide at bottom, three pieces, front, side and back cut in one. Shall I cut the skirt over and could I trim it with

anything? The waist is a vest front blouse, with old-style tight sleeves. How can I fix it? I am thirty-two years old, 34 bust, 24 waist and 35 hips and am of medium height. M. E. W.

I would advise buying a skirt pattern in any of the late modes that will cut to best advantage in your old-style one, and if trimming is necessary use black, either in fancy braids or moire silk bands: a vest front and round yoke collar and inserted puffs at back of the plain sleeves of chiffon. The blue shade in your material will dress it up considerably. A girle and cuffs and revers of the trimming of the skirt may be added.

## To Lengthen a Skirt.

Dear Mrs. Judice: HOW can I lengthen a tan velvet skirt about 5 inches. It is a seven-gored skirt with three folds at the bottom. I have about a yard and another piece a half-yard long and 42 inches wide. HATTIE B.

Can't you make one deep fold of your new material cut on the bias, lined with soft canvas and set below the other three folds at the foot? I think this a good plan and is really about all I can suggest for a gored skirt, as I do not recommend a hip yoke for lengthening, as it always throws the entire skirt out of proper line.

## Velour Sleeves.

Dear Mrs. Judice: I HAVE a plush jacket which I wish to have made into some sort of a jacket, but have not enough for whole sleeves. What will go with plush for sleeves? MURIEL.

Crimped velour is a new material and excellent as a combination with plain plush. It closely resembles baby lawn fur and wears splendidly.

## Footstool Kennels for Dogs.



Parlour dames have a new kind of dog kennel. A small footstool of gilt wood upholstered to match the hangings of the apartment. The stool is hollow and padded inside, is furnished with a small door and serves as a snug look for a small dog.

## Fifteen Kinds of Kisses—What Is a Kiss, Anyhow?

A FULL KISS  
UPON THE  
LIPS IS  
ALTOGETHER  
OUT OF  
DATE

IT is an abominable habit—that of kissing—so we are told, and perhaps it is.

Why then don't the reformers preach a crusade and put down kissing with a high hand? It would, at least, be an interesting experiment.

Now, in Japan they never kiss. The almond-eyed maiden is very charming, with such pearly teeth, rosy lips and coy smiles. But as to kissing, she never does; she does not know how. She is a wise maiden, never to have learned.

Fancy a young man in cotton kimono and wooden clogs stealing a chance to walk with his sweetheart under the blooming cherry trees, quoting sentimental poetry, telling her that he "hung upon her eyelids," in fact, that he loved but her alone, and then making her several formal bows at her father's door, as they part in the moonlight. Does he kiss her pretty lips, paint and all?

By no means.

It was not to a Japanese maiden Byron was inditing verses when he wrote:

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.

In mediaeval times there was no open

question about kissing. The habit was common and the custom much esteemed.

The feudal kiss—indeed, distinct and separate orders into which the monks divided the kiss—so systematic were they about everything:

The decorous or modest kiss.  
The feudal kiss.  
The diplomatic or kiss of policy.  
The spying kiss, to ascertain if a woman had drunk wine.

The religious kiss—kissing the Pope's toe.  
The slave kiss.  
The kiss infamous—a church penance.  
The slither kiss—practiced toward tyrants.

The judicial kiss.  
The feudal kiss.  
The academic kiss—joining a solemn brotherhood.  
The hand kiss.

The Judas kiss.  
The medical kiss—for the purpose of healing some illness.  
The kiss of etiquette.  
The kiss of love—the only real kiss.

"What's a kiss, anyhow?" Some one once asked, and seven thousand people, more or less, replied as they were moved. Here are a few things that a kiss is:

A kiss is:  
A thing, divided between two.  
Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.  
The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or on the moon either.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humor of a husband or console the tears of childhood.

A kiss from a pretty girl is like having hot treacle poured down your back by angels.

Priming without ink; leaving no visible impression.  
Contraction of the mouth, due to enlargement of the heart.  
An article that is always accepted, and unimprinted, but not always published.

A gift which is sometimes expected, seldom rejected, though often returned.

A tonic which may be administered with safety in childhood, but with great caution when childhood is past.

A kiss once given is never lost, it can be restored.

IF WOMEN MUST KISS WHEN THEY  
MEET, LET IT BE UPON THE CHEEKA KISS THAT IS RECEIVED  
SOLELY FOR CONVENTIONAL JAKE  
IS HARDLY WORTH THE GIVINGTHE KISS OF CONSOLATION ON ONE  
SIDE AND PITY ON THE OTHER IS  
OFTEN MORE JINGERY THAN GRACEFUL.

## The Springtime of Love. By Charles Garvice.

## LOVE'S CONFESSION.

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CHAPTER I.  
An Elopement.

"I LOVE you. Do you love me well enough to cast your lot with mine?"

As Lord Stuart Villars breathed the magic words he looked eagerly down into Joan Ormsby's flushed face. Villars had a reputation as a lady-killer, a reputation he had taken no pains either to establish or to refute.

On the death of his uncle, the old Earl of Arrowsfield, Villars had come into the old man's estates and fortune and had recently run down to the Devon village of Deercroft to look over his property. With him had come a Mr. Craddock, an old lawyer and money lender, who had handled the old Earl's property.

Craddock had a plan of his own in regard to this property. The old Earl had, years before, married a woman he had soon deserted, but not before a daughter had been born. Were this daughter or a child of hers still living and could he be found, she would of course be heir to the Earl's property. Craddock, seeing a chance to make money out of such a complication, was hot on the trail of this missing heir. Helping him was Mordaunt Royce, a young man whom the old money-lender employed to bring rich spendthrifts into his clutches.

When Villars, all unaware of these plots against him, came to Deercroft, he was at once the centre of rural interest and the target of matchmaking mothers.

None of the many girls of the neighborhood had dared for him so openly and so persistently as had Emmeline and Julia Oliver, the two decidedly plain daughters of Col. Oliver, a retired army officer who had settled at Deercroft. The Oliver household included, beside the Colonel and his daughters, his ward, Joan Ormsby.

Joan was utterly daunted from the others, being young, beautiful and unused to the world's ways.



"I love you. Do you love me well enough to cast your lot with mine?"

It was the first time that Joan ever heard a man say to her he loved her. "Joan, I love you," he murmured again, so low that his voice seemed to be borne upon the wings of the wind and straight to her heart. "I love you! Have you nothing to say to me? Have I frightened you? Forgive me, dearest; I did not mean to do so. I—"

He paused, for the thought flashed him that he had not meant to speak at all. "I would rather die than frighten you, Joan. But how could I help speaking, meeting you like this—so solitary, alone, and friendless?"

With a faint little cry she turned to him, and her hand clasped his, but still held him off.

"Oh, my darling!" he murmured passionately. "Is it true? Can it be true? I have thought of this, dreamed of it, and has it come true? Joan, my darling! My love! Tell me once more! Whisper, 'Stuart, I love you!'"

Her head dropped lower for a moment, then she raised it till her lips were near his ear, and whispered the confession that cost her more than he could guess.

Stuart Villars must be," he thought. "Great heavens! how should he explain? And yet he must, he would save her. Here was a beautiful woman, whose innocence was evident.

"Have you known Lord Villars long?" asked Bertie.

"No, not very long—a few weeks," she faltered.

And knowing him only a few weeks, and in entire ignorance of his past, you have put—pardon me—you have put this great trust in him! It is awful! And his lips trembled.

Joan half rose, with displeasure in her dark eyes and on her brows.

"I do not know what you mean!"

"Heaven! I cannot speak more plainly without wounding you!" he exclaimed, with a groan. "Can you not understand that by doing what you have done, by taking flight from your home alone with Lord Villars, you have committed a crime—that is, that you have considered a shameful one? You see what I mean, do you not? Listen! Suppose that Stuart Villars did not marry you, could you go home to-morrow—the day after?"

Her face and neck grew crimson, then she faltered:

"But Lord Villars is to marry me at once, this afternoon or to-morrow," she said.

"How do you know that he will?" demanded poor Bertie, with desperate urgency.

"He said so," she replied, more proudly than before.

And Bertie moved to the door. As he did so he passed the window and looked out, half unconsciously. He saw a friend of his, Lord Pontrele, coming across the road. At sight of him a sudden idea occurred to him. It seemed a far-fetched one, but in such mental extremities men catch at straws.

He turned swiftly.

"Give me one more chance!" he exclaimed, earnestly. "There is a room there—and he pointed to the door leading into the hall—where I can say to you that Stuart Villars—all I can say is that she is lost! Past all hope and recovery!"

Joan, with her hands clasped tightly, her heart beating wildly, rose and staggered to a doorway and held it, swaying backward and forward. She felt as if she were going to faint, and meant to die rather than do so. The truth, the awful truth, had struck home to her heart at last.

With parted lips she threw up her hands and cried silently, "Stuart! Stuart! My life! My love! And you have done this!"

Then, snatching up her cloak and hat, she put them on and rushed out into the heavy rain, and Bertie, watching until he had seen her away, hurried to the door and opened it.

The room was empty!

(To Be Continued.)

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By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Favored Mortal.

Dear Miss Ayer: I am a mere man I have had the honor to receive two proposals since the beginning of the year. The first came from a charming young woman whom I was escorting home from the theatre. She plainly told me she would like me for a husband. I was very much astonished but laughed the matter off and hope she has forgotten it. The other proposal was made by a lady in the business office where I was employed. What do you suppose is the matter that the girl I really do love won't propose and the girls I don't care about do?

PERPLEXED.

Riches Versus Love.

Dear Miss Ayer: One summer day she and I went to Glen Island. Late in the afternoon we found a cosy little secluded nook. It was after sunset, in that ideal hour between night and day. We were happy. Oh, so happy! I told her how dearly I loved her, and asked her if she could be mine. She whispered, "Yes." We returned to the city on the last boat that evening. We sat on the lower deck aft, under the lee of the ladies' cabin, my arm around her waist.



Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

her head confidently nestled on my shoulder. It was a beautiful moonlight night—made for lovers. It was one of the few supreme days a person is blessed with in this life.

I am loath to mar the beauty of this night, but truth is stranger than fiction, so I will tell the rest of my story. I was poor. The next year she married an old lover whom she had refused before she met me. Is she happy? I do not know, as I have never seen her since her marriage. I am still enjoying single-blessedness.

A Determined Sweetheart.

Dear Miss Ayer: THIS being leap year, I will endeavor to relate rather an odd proposal made by a young lady residing in Jersey City. James and Lillian while walking home from church Sunday evening allowed their conversation to drift to the subject of drink, in the course of which Lillian accused James of entering a saloon but a few days before. James, of course, flatly denied this and denied even having taken a drink in his life. Fair Lillian then asked James to think she doubted his words and told him he could choose between her and the saloons. James, of course, chose Lillian, and they were married shortly afterward.

E. S.

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